

a guy who treats her like more than just some holes
and fatty tissue.

A decent earth-man stands out here, like a diamond in
dandruff:

scarce, and sparkling, and good for something.
No need even to pity the guys you replace.
They simply find new knockouts eager to have them.
They take their Popular Mechanics and Wrestling News,
their loud voices and walrus buns
to some new livingroom kept all pretty for them,
so they can invite over their friends,
break out the beer, turn on the game,
and shoo away their latest "ball-and-chain"
right into your arms.

RECLAMATION PROJECT

I reclaim my baseball glove from its grave in my attic,
the crowd still roaring in its leather ear.
I reclaim my flyrod — after years, still quivering with
rainbow-lighting.

I reclaim my daylight hours, auctioned to the lowest
bidder.
I reclaim my balls from my employer's billiard room.

I reclaim the word "no" from the Museum of Ancient
Thoughts and Antiquated Customs.
I reclaim my scowl of menace, too long confined at home.

I reclaim my good looks, hidden to quell envy.
I reclaim my singing voice, grown hoarse with praising
fools.

I reclaim my prejudices, my unpopular beliefs, to light
my way like attendant fireflies.
I reclaim my sneeze, half brother to my scream, which I
also reclaim.

I reclaim my marriage from the gray sweatshop of habit.
I reclaim my lover, who I dumped to save my marriage.

I reclaim my back, dumping its gunnysack of obligations.
I reclaim my passion, bonfire at the base of my spine.

I reclaim my eyes, the kleig lights of my brain.
I reclaim my brain, too long the cloud above my body's
picnic.

I reclaim my vocabulary, where epistemology and deoxy-
ribonucleic march arm-in-arm with fuck and shit and
piss and come.

I reclaim my cock, the soul's divining rod.

I reclaim my Smith and Wesson, offering friend and foe
its barrel — in peace.

I reclaim my guitar, locked in its case of dreams, which
I reclaim.

I reclaim my hippie hair from fashion's Hall of Mocking
Laughter.

I reclaim my bank account, which everyone knows more
about than me.

I reclaim my bones, skeleton in my body's closet.

I reclaim my erogenous zones, best friends a body ever
had.

I reclaim my happy childhood from adult cynicism,
my good parents from neglect and psychoanalytic lies.

I reclaim my Dixieland records, exploding cigars in the
mouth of Cool.

I reclaim my high spirits.

I reclaim my optimism from the blizzard where I left it,
naked, smiling foolishly.

I reclaim the right to reclaim anything that I'm for-
getting any time.

I reclaim my good name, which I've mumbled and written
sloppily,

which I've allowed the unworthy to speak, prefacing
orders, but which I now reclaim, and place on a gold
throne,

and proclaim its owner, wearing a cocky grin, which I
reclaim, to be the sun
around which everything revolves, and on which everything
depends.

WARNINGS IN SEARCH OF A WOMAN TO WHOM THEY DIN'T APPLY

Beware of the man who praises liberated women;
he is planning to quit his job.

— Erica Jong

Beware of the woman who praises independence;
she is planning a coup.